

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

### What Rosy Cheeks Mean; Pallor Warns of Danger

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

HOW much more doth Beauty, beautiful seem, by that sweet ornament which truth doth give! The rose looks fair, but fairer we deem, for that sweet odour which doth in it live.

The damask cheek of a maid is the lure of many a bold man. The Duke of Buckingham fought a war with France both for the Queen of France's cherry cheeks and her necklace.

The English War of the Roses, fought between the houses of York and Lancaster, is said to have been won much the result of the envy of the women of those royal houses as for power for the Red Rose over the White.

Be this as it may, you love my lady's rosy cheeks and so do I. Like the Spanish gypsy, you wish the sky would rain down roses upon all girlish, womanly cheeks.

If all feminine faces were decked with blushing scarlet, the health and vigor, the fulsome womanhood and blossoming maturity would be as an earth crowned with the perpetual glory of the rose.

Certain cheeks are to health what some one manipulates your muscles. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, Old Time is still a flying.

And this same flower that smiles today Tomorrow will be dying.

The loveliness of red cheeks is not in the rose, born upon a thorn. It is an imperial basis of physiological process. Youth and sound tissues are in harmony with rosy cheeks, even though the years seem to point another story.

Once the shimmering waves and shadows of red come and go like the twilight, you need look to the bubbling fountains of internal strength and vitality.

Rosy cheeks are warmed into bloom by sunbeams. Zephyrs have given these durable blushes. Even the tears, that pearl and glisten their way with briny perfume, water into bloom the deep red spots.

The blush is equally an omen of a firm human fabric. When these cease you have lost something of your old self. When damask cheeks give way to wax or ashen pallor, illness and age, debility and inefficiency begin to steal upon you.

Impress it upon yourself that when the glow in your cheek begins to pale it is high time to consult a diligent, painstaking physician.

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## Answers to Health Questions

G. J. F.—How can I increase my height?—My son is now twenty-one years old.

I am to swing on a trapeze over the door. Swim, play baseball, and have

## TIMES BEDTIME STORY



©FREES TOM TABBY STEALS CHERRIES.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

MRS. TABBY turned at her feet and looked at these kiddy children. There was Tommy and Tottie, and

they were all ready for bed just as you see in the picture. Their night caps were tied under their chins, and their nightgowns were buttoned up.

They were ready for bed, Tinkie, their little brother, was staying at his Gramp's, so he was not at home.

"Now children," said Mrs. Tabby, "I do not want to hear a word of you. Tom and Tottie, go to bed and get in your own beds and let Tottie go to sleep."

She went down the stairs and left them in the dark. Tom went to his bed and pretended to go to sleep, but Tottie stayed to talk with Tottie.

Soon, however, they were all where they belonged. Then Tottie's Tom got out, went to the top of the stairs and listened. It was very quiet downstairs. Mrs. Tabby had gone out in the yard for a moment.

Tommy sneaked down very softly, holding his nightgown in one hand, so that he would not trip. When he got to the bottom, he went straight to the table. There, spread out in two rows, were some lovely cherries.

"Now then," said Tom, "I'm taking off my nightcap and taking some of the very dark red cherries in one paw and filling the cap, 'cause you know and good."

He tasted one, to make sure. "And these," he took one of the brightest red cherries and hid it in the pocket of his nightgown, "are now cherries and are made for cooking."

He took them upstairs, and sat on the edge of the bed. The four ones I will feed to the girls, and they will think that they are sweet. I am eating."

He circled and looked at himself, loaded his cap and pocket, and then went softly up the stairs again.

Without saying a word, he emptied his cap and pocket and made two piles of cherries. In the dim light he thought that he knew which was which. Then he called the others.

"Oh, Toss, oh, Tottie, see what I have!" he whispered.

Out of bed jumped the naughty kiddy, only to find that he had an excuse. You would think that they could scarcely see one another, but

they were not afraid for their eyes were very sharp, even in the dark.

"What have you?" said Tottie, pushing some of the cherries toward her.

Tessie took one and put it in her pink mouth. "MMMMMMMM," she said. Then Tottie took one—and she said "MMMMMMMM."

"There are just good ones that they like them," said Tommy to himself as he watched them. He was so busy watching their faces for a sign of the sour cherries that he did not look at the fruit itself.

They ate and ate till the last one was gone.

"Well, they are pretty good sports," thought Tom. "But when they find out what good ones 'Toss' won't they be as mad as hens?"

At last he reached for the other pile. "Look what I have," he said, and took one of the bright red cherries in his teeth. He shook it and played with it, and they watched him and begged for it.

"No, no," said Tommy, "You have had yours."

They sat very quietly, and watched him very wisely.

He cuffed one with his paw and it rolled away. Then Tottie saw her chance and stole one. She put it in her mouth and bit it. "Toss, spit it quickly out. It was very bitter. In one second she knew the trick that Tom had tried to do."

"Oh, yes, Tommy," she begged, "Tom took one with a great deal of howling and waving, and put it in his mouth."

He bit down on it. "Tessie and Tottie burst out laughing."

For his face drew down at the corners in the strangest way, and he let it drop out, seed and all, on the floor.

He had saved the wrong cherries! The others had eaten the sweet ones! Tessie and Tottie heard Mrs. Tabby coming in again. They scampered to their beds, and Tommy crawled into his with a very sheepish look on his face. He pulled the covers over his head, but he could not shut out the giggles that came from the other two kiddy.

They never let him forget his mistake either, and he was cured of playing jokes for almost a week.

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## Serge With Satin For Fall

Premonitions of Fall Styles Show Marked Favoritism Toward Old-Fashioned Serge, in Dark Blue.

WITH the appearance of the dark blue serge street suits, the fall fashions begin to take on a definite meaning. This street suit, picked from the first models of an exclusive New York woman's furnishing establishment, promises to have run of popularity. The lines are simple, yet distinctive, and with the appearance of the basque of 1840 and thereabouts, a fundamental effect of plainness is launched.

Over a narrow foundation skirt of black satin, not as narrow at the hem as the summer skirts, is a three-quarters pleated Russian tunic of the serge, pleated to accord with the severe lines of the basque which forms the blouse.

The saving grace of this model is its continuity of outline, and the combination of the long, straight-lined tunic with the tight basque, which was formerly worn with an immense outstanding skirt of voluminous cut, is a happy departure.

The inset sleeves are of the same satin as the underskirt, while the buttons may be either serge or satin covered. The wide turn-over collar and the high-pointed cuffs held together with two buttons like those which appear on the basque are made of natural colored crash.

The hat is a trim tailored model made on graceful, yet simple, lines, in black or blue.

Photo by Fashion Camera Co., of N. Y.

## Guest Room Comforts

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

A lot of us have many guests during the summer season, and whether these week-ends be times of pleasure or of business, the guest's comfort is of the greatest importance.

The best way I know to tell a woman what should be in her guest-room is to ask her to pretend she is a guest for a day and a night.

Has she sufficient drawers for her clothes? A brush to clean them with? A pair of two shoe forms on the closet floor?

Ah! a button is off, a safety pin is needed, and just a needless thread to mend the lace on the white pillowcase.

The guest has forgotten her powder, of face cloths she may have none, and one can never have too many hairpins.

Is the fan? And possibly, where is such a warm night. Where is the fan? And possibly, where is the fan? And possibly, where is the fan?

My friend no longer despair. She is convinced that gray hair gives her an aristocratic appearance, and, really, it is no sign of advancing years.

My opinion of the honesty of beauty experts has risen 50 per cent since this experience. While they were all willing to dye the offending white hairs, if my friend insisted, not one advised it.

"Certainly, madame, it can be dyed," is the way the conversation ran, "but gray hair is so charming on matrons, and so many ladies are positively anxious to have gray hair. Oh, no, the dye would not be apparent, but it has to be retouched every few weeks, as the hair that grows out from the roots will be gray, and very likely there will be more gray hairs come."

"Gray hair is very beautiful. It seems a pity to dye it. If matrons do not care for it, will she consider varying a transformation which will keep it from showing? Some of our ladies do that."

Of course, if matrons insist, it will be done, but sometimes, after the hair has been dyed and then matrons wish to have it gray. It is not quite the same beautiful color as if the dye had not been used."

It seems unnecessary for me to add anything more regarding the dyeing of one's hair. So I will tell you about having your hair pulled to make it grow.

In the course of our journeying that day we came to a charming little beauty salon presided over by a charming woman.

She had a face full of character and a shapely head crowned with masses of nut-brown hair. She was silent when she broached the subject of hair dye.

"Then she said simply, 'I do not dye the hair.' There are many establishments where they do. I simply try to make the hair thick and long and beautiful."

Before she had finished I was in her chair, with the hair pins out of my hair, and what a beautiful, happy hour of hair pulling I enjoyed!

This woman told me she had been a student of beauty methods long before she had an idea of business. She found that the women of the olden time pulled the hair carefully at night and hung a weight on the end of the braid to promote the length.

The weight did not accord with practical modern methods, but from the fact of its being used one evolved the hair pulling process, which works wonders.

First, she brushes the hair, parting it into separate strands all over the head and cleanses the scalp and the roots with rosewater. This she recommends for daily treatment. Then she gently and steadily pulls each strand from the roots to the tip ends.

If there is a tendency to dandruff she adds an ounce of glycerine to eight ounces of rosewater, and applies it to the scalp with bits of absorbent cotton.

If the hair is falling, she uses a tonic which was given her by a Southern family who have used it with success for three generations.

For a hair restorer, this same woman gives this recipe: Put a pint of boiling water over two tablespoonfuls of dried rosemary leaves and add a wineglassful of vinegar. Rub into the roots of the hair, twice a day, for two or three weeks.

In the course of our journeying that day we came to a charming little beauty salon presided over by a charming woman.

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## "Air and Care" Best Hair Tonics

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

I HAVE learned, too, not to have on my head a mass of hair, but to have a face full of character and a shapely head crowned with masses of nut-brown hair.

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## Furniture Is Tinted Ivory Or Old Gray

## Carpets, Rugs and Wall Paper Are White and Black

By MARGARET MASON.

This is the house that Jack built. But Jill has furnished it all. The shades are all white. And the clothes she'll wear. All blend with each tinted wall. The furniture is all white. With garlands of brilliant hue. Even the kitchen. She has designs on too.

NEW YORK, June 20.—The June bride has doffed her veil and orange blossoms and donned a determined decorative expression. She has started out to decorate and furnish their first really and truly own little home. Time was when the Newlyweds started housekeeping by buying their pictures by the yard and their furniture in a job lot, using the model flat in the best department store as a working basis.

Nowadays the selection of a single waste paper basket or even the shade of border on the dish towels causes the bride many sleepless nights, and two deep wrinkles between her eyebrows.

Surely this is as it should be, for our homes should be dressed up with as much care and discrimination as our bodies. If not more so. Artistic and appropriate surroundings mean for happiness, and nothing expresses a woman's individuality and personality as much as the way she wears—does her home.

The trend toward the modernist ideas in home furnishings is gaining more and more. While the craze for the antique mahogany chest and wing chair is still with us, the newest or modernist furniture is all enamored either in old gray, ivory, or some neutral tint blends in well with any color scheme.

Much of it is gayly festooned in garlands of brilliant flowers and fruits, and this is especially true of dining room furniture and bed room sets. Of course, this flower decorated, enameled furniture belongs, by rights, in the class of antiques, but when the modernist style is in the shape and the fantastic forms assumed by most of the chairs, tables, and cabinets till they look like an Aubrey Beardsley dream.

Black is the favorite groundwork for most of the new draperies, carpets, and even wall coverings. Carpets are of huge checkerboard squares of black and white are wonderfully effective in conjunction with gray furniture.

With this sort of thing look how perfectly attuned the man who leads a checkered life with his better half must feel, especially as they no doubt go to the mat very often.

The greatest joys of the new furnishings is that everything is built to be a component part of a perfect whole, and color schemes and designs for the different rooms are carried out in the minutest details. In instances, the tiny baskets of colored fruit emblazoned on the ivory background of a modernist dining room set are repeated again as the motif of the yellow-toned wall paper.

Even the ivory-tinted china is decorated with the same fruit motif. The long stripes of cream linen across buffet serving table, and the square dining table have the tempting baskets embroidered on their edges. A life-sized basket filled with marble fruit upon the buffet reflects its charms in a gilded mirror hung behind the buffet. The otherwise empty wall, its carved frame repeating the same basket decoration in rich colorings.

In the kitchen is where the modernist really shines, however, with each pepper pot and dish towel decorated with the same fruit motif that is carried throughout the sacred precincts of culinary art.

It certainly is going some when even the gayly colored gull pen on your desk or the chord on your desk telephone may throw your whole living room furnishings out of harmony. No wonder the bride wears a worried look till her furnishing is finished. The wonderfully charming effect of the completed production, however, fills her heart with joy and is worth all her pains. Something tells us, however, that the husband, as he absent-mindedly tries to bite a chunk out of a marble apple on the new art buffet, isn't going to be quite crazy about it.

Kettles may be thoroughly cleansed by boiling a few potato peelings in them.

Never put parsley into water, where it quickly decays. It will keep much fresher if placed in an airtight tin or canister.

To clean lampglasses hold them over a jug of boiling water until well steamed, then polish with a dry cloth. It is far less trouble than washing, and the glasses very rarely break.

Greatest of All Human Blessings

The most wonderful thing in the world is love expressed in the helpless infant.

Applied as directed upon those muscles involved it soothes the fine network of nerves with which all the muscles are supplied. Thus a great share of the pains so much dreaded may be avoided and the period of expectancy passed in comfort.

There is no question but what such relief has a marked influence upon the general health of the mother.

In a little book sent by mail much useful information is given to inexperienced mothers. It tells how to use "Mother's Friend" and how to avoid caking breasts. It has been prepared in our laboratory for over forty years and is known favorably to most physicians everywhere. Get a bottle today and write for book to Bradford's Rectal and 209 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Be sure to ask for and see that you get "Mother's Friend."—Adv.

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## Hats That Find Hot Weather Favor

By MADGE MARVEL.



BLACK velvet of some of the smaller Leghorn hats. Another pleasing idea in trimming the Leghorn is to face the brim with pale pink chiffon, which always gives a beautiful light to the face beneath. A corner light of the white and yellow straws show this pink facing. Black is also used, and where a darker hat is more becoming is to be advised.

The velvet and chiffon covering of the Leghorn should prove a welcome inspiration to all who have old Leghorns laid by, which may be repressed into modish shape, but are not quite good enough to be satisfactory in comparison with the newest weaves. Covered with velvet or chiffon, and artistically trimmed, they will do splendid service, and save a pretty penny, for good Leghorns are never cheap.

In choosing the summer parasol, do you take time to get the effect of the color reflection on your face? It is worth while. Matching the parasol to the complexion is quite as important as matching it to the costume. More so, in fact, for it will not be remembered as the memory of friends with your face appeared a yellowish-green with gray shadows when you were last seen. And that is precisely what some of the vivid colors in sunshades accomplish for some complexions.

For instance, if you have a very pale and sallow skin, a green parasol will cast a most ghastly light. If you are high colored and have the tendency to grow positively red in the sun, a red or orange or purple sunshade will only accentuate this coloring and make you look as if you were literally burning up in the summer sun.

By the way, the tunic has crept upward to the parasol, and three or four overlapping fluffies flutter over the heads of tunic-skirted femininity. Narrow ruffles put on in curves and curls are also well liked. Lace parasols, lined with the alluring flesh pink, are the most flattering of shades and charming with light, fluffy dresses.

Black lace is used for parasols for the matron, being mounted over changeable silks which show the gold or silver gleam.

Printed chiffon also covers the crown.

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